

(Continued on Eleventh Page)

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Horticultural.

STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Annual Meeting to be held at Kalamazoo.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Michigan State Horticultural Society will be held in Kalamazoo, in the Court House, beginning Tuesday, December 3, and closing the following Thursday. This is to be, on several accounts, one of the most important meetings in the Society's history, and the attendance is likely to be very large as its value to all participants must be great.

The opening session, Tuesday afternoon, will be devoted to the annual reports, including one by delegates sent to the meeting of horticulturists, in Chicago, to organize for the World's Fair, and President Lyon's message which, among other things, will treat of the new plan for co-operation of all such societies with the Department of Agriculture, it being a part of Mr. Lyon's duty as an appointee of the Department, to secure such relations throughout the country. In this connection, too, will come consideration of the State's and the Society's work at the coming Columbian exposition.

The topics for discussion have a wide range and embrace much of interest to every fruit grower and gardener in the State. The first evening, however, will be devoted to agriculture, under the lead of Hon. Chas. W. Gifford, of Grand Rapids, embracing (1) the woodlands of southern Michigan, (2) the influence of sylvan beauty, (3) reasons for continual agitation of forestry questions in our State, (4) a State forest reserve. He will probably be aided by Prof. W. J. Beal, Judge Severens and A. C. Gifford.

Prof. L. R. Taft, of the Agricultural College, will tell of the experimental work of the past season, both in fruit and vegetable culture; and will be followed by two able, practical growers, upon "What experiments are needed by fruit growers and gardeners." Prof. Taft will also answer the question, "What is a fungus?"

Further in the line of vegetable culture will be a paper by Jonathan Wilson, describing celery culture in Kalamazoo, one by M. Wetherill, of Ionia, who has twice taken first premiums at the Detroit Exposition upon celery growing; and Prof. W. W. Tracy, superintendent of D. M. Ferry & Co.'s seed farm, will talk of "Points of merit in vegetables," illustrating his subject with specimens.

The great industry of fruit evaporating and manufacture of fruit products will be ably treated by Mr. L. B. Rice, of Port Huron, a gentleman of wide experience in the business, both in Michigan and New York.

Prof. A. J. Cook, of the Agricultural College, will furnish a paper upon current topics; Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University, will describe his recent trip through the Delaware peninsula viewing the ravages of peach yellows; Mr. N. A. Becher, of Fishling, will treat of "The influence of the stock and graft."

One of the most important and valuable papers will be by Mr. Roland Morrill, of Benton Harbor, upon the future of commercial fruit growing in Michigan. Mr. Morrill has extensive plantations of large and small fruits, melons and vegetables, and as a man of breadth of knowledge and experience, is sure to produce ideas new and of practical value.

Edw. C. Reid, Secretary, Allegan, will furnish programmes and any detailed information desired. Mr. J. N. Stearns is the local committee at Kalamazoo.

Profitable Apple Trees.

O. F. Brand, of the Minnesota Experiment Station, says he knows of but one cheap way to carry a tree through its early stages to perfect development, or to a size large enough to produce ten bushels of apples in a year. In that climate nearly all fruit trees become "black hearted" while small. To have a tree profitable at 50 years of age it must be kept from becoming "black hearted" while young. Here is my plan: Plant in the fall if the trees are less than six feet high. If trees are larger, cover them up in clean, moist earth, roots two feet deep, top six inches. If location has a sandy subsoil, the trees should be set six inches deeper, and in planting fill with rich clay loam. If the subsoil is clay dig holes large enough to let the roots extend in their natural shape. Cut the ends of all roots smooth with a sharp knife, and fill the holes full of mellow, rich surface soil, stamping firmly the first six or eight inches in bottom of the hole. If the earth is dry put a pall of water on after filling one-third full, and let it soak in before finishing.

Make a box out of boards eight inches wide and the height of tree. Set it around the tree; then fill with fine earth. Bank up outside a foot high, and after the ground freezes cover the bottom with straw manure and the tree is safe for winter. Remove the straw, box and earth after the frost is out of the ground in April, and the tree will make a good growth the first season, if the ground is kept well cultivated until July 16. Do not cultivate later than that each year. A thin mulch applied then will be of benefit in preventing growth of weeds, and to retain moisture. The mulch should extend four feet each way. About the last of October put up the box and fill with straw again up to and covering the lower forks or crotches of the tree; remember this. The first winter the limbs and trunk should stand in the earth, and the second winter, also, if it does not bend the limbs up too much; but if the limbs are too large to bend easily let the box only come up so as not to rub the limbs. A tree once frozen up solid in earth, remains so until the earth thaws in the spring and the frost comes out of the tree through the earth, instead of having the sun take it out several times during winter and spring. A tree protected in this way, with three inches of earth and an inch of board will not freeze as hard by 25 degrees, in an extreme cold time, as a tree exposed to the weather. If protected, a large share of the starch and other substances stored up the body of the tree (mainly by the leaves in summer) will remain there until spring and aid in making a vigorous growth the next summer. If not protected, then the starch and other reserve food substances will have been largely ex-

hausted from the trunk of the tree by spring; the cellular structure of the wood disorganized by the cold, freezing and thawing, and becomes "black hearted." This plan of taking care of trees must be kept up five or six winters. The trees will then be as large as they would in eight years without protection, a gain of two or three years in life. The tree will also be in a much better condition free from extremes of heat and cold, drought and winds, than a sticky "black hearted" tree. Its roots will have run 12 feet in all directions, making the tree able to take care of itself; and if not abused afterward by bearing too much fruit the first four or five years, will live to be 40 years old if it is a tree with a constitution like the Peerless and Duchesne.

The Longevity of Apple Trees.

"Why are apple trees shorter lived than they were when I was a boy?" asked an old New England farmer. "I know of orchards that were set before I was born and which are still in good condition, but my trees, set 40 years ago, begin to show signs of giving out." The causes of this difference in the longevity of fruit trees are obviously three, viz: The nature of the varieties planted, the kind of culture given and the increased severity of winters.

Nearly all the old orchards are composed of seedling trees. Seedlings are harder than most of the improved varieties. Westward, and especially on the prairies, any particular variety is commonly shorter lived than it is in New England. It is probable that the varieties which have originated and have long grown eastward are not adapted to the west. High cultivation with consequent heavy crops is a forcing process, and no doubt tends to lessen the longevity of trees.

Trees which bear light crops of small apples approach the wild state and are not worn out so soon as highly cultivated trees. High cultivation judiciously applied is not to be discouraged, however, for a short life with an abundance of fruit is preferable to a long life with less and inferior fruit. As a country becomes denuded of forests the winter climate becomes more rigorous. As a consequence many new varieties which were formerly regarded as hardy, are now destroyed. The remedy lies chiefly in growing wind-breaks. Prairie climates are especially destructive and any natural protection should be eagerly sought.

Cultivating Fruit Orchards.

There continues to be considerable difference of opinion as to whether fruit orchards should be cultivated or not. I think that young apple or pear orchards can be cultivated with safety for three or four years, after setting out, and planted with the least exhausting vegetables, especially lettuce, beets, cabbage, cucumbers, tomatoes, cantaloupes, squashes, etc., until the trees reach from two and a-half to three inches in diameter, when the ground should be put in meadow-grass and remained untouched by the plow after, all the manure required being a good top-dressing every few years. I am firmly of the opinion that where fruit-trees arrive at a stage when they are able to take care of themselves, they do decidedly better in grass than in anything else, and this grass retains a heavier crop of hay than timothy and clover, and is also excellent for pasture for both cattle and swine. I have seen hundreds of pear and apple trees of choice varieties situated annually loaded with fruit and the trees in a healthy condition. We have still upon our premises pear trees believed to be over a hundred and fifty years old, standing in soil which has been disturbed only once in fifty years as I know, being in my possession over thirty years—that annually produce heavy crops, and three of them are still in a thrifty condition. This would seem to be pretty strong evidence in favor of the non-cultivation of standard pears.

As to dwarf pear and apple trees the treatment should be quite different. As to them we cultivate the soil the same as any portion of the garden for vegetables, applying every fall a good top-dressing of stable manure. If any of our trees grow too rapidly and are disposed to become larger than we wish them, they are root-pruned—that is, the spade is sunk down as deeply as it will go from two and a-half to three feet from the stem, and this should be done every spring if necessary. If the trees spread too rapidly we prune to bring them into shape and proper size, and have yet to see the first sign of injury resulting therefrom.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Arise in the Orchard.

A correspondent of the *O. J. Farmer*, who has had two years' experience in spraying orchards says: "I am convinced that the use of either Paris green or London purple will pay, though which is the cheaper and most effective I have not yet determined. London Purple was most generally used in this section. This year the codling moth was uncommonly prolific, and without these preventives sound apples would have been few indeed."

This year's experience has demonstrated facts which must not be forgotten. First, that all the trees in a neighborhood must be sprayed, for if otherwise, the one who neglects this duty endangers his neighbors by breeding moths to spread amongst them. How far these moths will migrate to thus colonize new territory is not exactly known; but that they go from one tree to another, of their own volition, and that they may be transported many rods by winds and other means, is certain—hence no one tree in an orchard, or in a contiguous one, is absolutely safe. Should one or more trees be missed, the insects have a free range there, and they will breed a prolific second crop for the sprayed trees later in the season.

Second, that one spraying is not enough. Two, if not three, are necessary to save the bulk of the crop. The first spraying, even when most thoroughly done, will skip a few insect egg depositors, and numbers of the infested fruit; spraying two days or two weeks later may find these, though with the most painstaking work, not more than 75 or 80 per cent will be destroyed. My orchard of about one hundred and fifty trees (most of them large and about 25 years' growth) were sprayed but once, when the apples were about as large as peas. Several trees were not easily reached by wagon and sprayer were omitted. The earlier varieties came through with but a small per cent moth-worm infested. Later sorts, notably

the Ben Davis and a few others, were badly injured, evidently by insects bred in the non-sprayed trees, as a second crop which spread over the orchard during summer. It would have paid me, and paid well, to have sprayed these few trees by hand.

About the Codling Moth.

In a talk about the codling moth, given before the Allegan Co. Horticultural Society, Mr. Lilly, of Grand Rapids, says:

There are many obstacles in the way of successful fruit-growing which must be understood to enable us to meet and overcome them, one of which is the codling moth, which is perhaps the worst enemy of the apple, becoming more serious each year. Its natural history and habits is perhaps the first thing to be considered. We will commence with its first appearance in the spring, which occurs about the time apple trees are ready to blossom, and as soon as the blossoms fall and the apple is formed, the moth deposits one or more eggs in the calyx or blossom end of the apple, which at this time is always upright and remains so until the fruit grows to such size and weight as to cause it to turn downward, hanging to the stem in just the reverse of the position it occupied when first formed. It is during the time that the blossom end is up that the egg is deposited in the calyx. In about eight to ten days these eggs hatch into tiny worms, which begin to eat into the apple and soon find their way to the core. Then the apple drops from the tree, carrying the worm with it. This worm soon eats its way out of the apple and creeps itself under the bark of the tree or some other convenient hiding place, winds itself into a cocoon, from which in time it comes out a moth, the same as those that deposited the eggs. The second crop of moths is now ready to deposit more eggs, somewhere on the apples, and these eggs soon hatch into tiny worms, the same as those in the spring, which eat their way into the apple as before, and after some time eat their way out at any part of the apple. It is this second crop of worms that causes wormy apples in the fall. Some of these worms remain in the apples and only eat their way out during winter, when they wind themselves in cocoons and hatch into moths in the spring; and this is the point where we commenced with them. Any one can now see that if we can destroy the first eggs we can prevent the apples from dropping, and also prevent the second crop of worms later in the summer, and by that means save the apple from the ravages of this second crop, as they are the cause of wormy apples in the fall. As has already been stated, at the time the eggs are deposited the blossom end stands up, and any poisonous matter thrown on the apple falls into these cups and there remains until the newly hatched worm eats and dies. By the use of spraying pump a solution of one pound of London purple or Paris green to 300 gallons of water can be thrown on the tree so as to reach the apples. This will naturally fall into these cups. This spraying should be done within ten days after the blossoms drop. Six days would be better, then repeat the operation ten days later. This is the most effective remedy known.

Strawberries among Fruit Trees.

It would seem like a very nice thing to do to set out one's strawberry beds in the spaces between young fruit trees. I thought that nothing could be better, as by so doing the same labor, ground and cultivation, to a certain degree, would be utilized, and benefit both the trees and the strawberries at the same time. I thought that I could manure the ground heavily, with the assurance that none of the value of the manure would be lost, calculating that what was not taken up by the strawberry roots, which of course are nearer the surface, would be absorbed by the roots of my peach, apple and plum trees. I should have to keep up a constant cultivation among these young trees any way, and I thought that by planting rows of strawberries between the trees, the cost of cultivating the same or the trees (as you choose to look at it) would in this way be little or nothing, and that both trees and strawberries would flourish.

But it was all a mistake, and what to me early in the spring seemed a smart thing to do, proved to be a big blunder, and late in the summer I had the satisfaction of realizing for about the thousandth time, that I lacked common sense. I might have foreseen the result of such a course had my wits been working as they should, but it was only by practical experience that I could really have the fact known to me that I was going wrong. Late in the season I saw all this—too late to remedy matters very much, though I did what I could. The result of the mistake was this: The constant cultivation of the strawberries late in the summer and in early fall, which was necessary for their welfare, caused the fruit trees, at the same time, to take on new growth, and late in the season all the trees were putting out new wood as fast as they ever did in the fall, or until checked by early frosts, and as a consequence they had a lot of tender growths that had not properly matured and hardened up for winter. I ceased cultivating the ground quite early in the fall, when I saw how things were going, but too late to be of much benefit to the trees, and too early for the welfare of the strawberries, thus causing a damage at both ends.

Strawberries require very late cultivation, as they continue to grow way up to winter. In fact I think their roots grow all winter, and in order to keep them free of late weeds, grass and too many runners, it is absolutely necessary to keep the cultivator going as long as possible, or at least until grass and runners have ceased to grow. The habits of fruit trees are very different, and we expect them to take on all the new growth in the spring and summer, when they should cease to throw out new wood, that may mature and harden up for winter and at the same time form fruit buds for the following season. They cannot well form an extra amount of new wood, and at the same time fruit buds. The consequence of this late growth on my peach tree was that cold weather overtook it, and of course it was all killed or dried back to the early growth, thus showing that I had coaxed nature to do too much with her earth; which mistake she proceeds to wisely correct with her atmosphere by cutting off with frost what she cannot properly take care of through the winter.

Had I selected some other place for the strawberries, where they could have been cultivated all by themselves, and as late as they should have been, it would have been far better for them. And had I set out raspberries among the trees, which like them should not make a late growth, or planted the spaces between the trees with some early crops, I should have displayed more sense and not made this mistake.—*Geo. L. Dow, in the Country Gentleman.*

(Winter Protection of Raspberries.)

J. M. Smith, president of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, recommended the following method of protecting raspberries through the winter in an address before a farmers' institute:

In the fall, and before the ground freezes, they should be laid down and covered with earth. In covering, one man takes a hoe or a common four-tined potato fork, and digs out some of the earth upon the side of the plant; then another follows and bends the plant over toward that side until it lies nearly flat upon the ground; another follows and throws a shovel of earth upon the tips of the plants to hold them in place, after which they are covered one inch in depth. When danger from freezing is over in the spring, they are uncovered and raised up as near their natural position as convenient and the earth is again replaced where it was taken from in the fall. Then put on a dressing of manure or ashes and cultivate well and thoroughly. All weeds and grass that grow in the rows must, of course, be destroyed with the hoe. You will not get as full a crop the second season, as you will of strawberries, but you will get some nice fruit. As soon as you are done picking the fruit, go through and cut out all the old canes, also the weak ones of the new growth, leaving only a sufficient number to have a good crop of fruit the following season. After this is done we go through with a pair of large shears and cut off the tops, leaving the canes about four feet high. The red varieties propagate by suckers, surplus of which must of course be destroyed, the same as any other weeds. The black-caps propagate from the tips of their branches. Should you need new sets, go among them in August and bend over some of the branches of the strong thrifty canes, and throw sufficient earth upon the tips to hold them in the place, when they will take root, and the following spring will furnish you with nice plants for setting new beds.

Not Malaga Grapes.

"The grapes that are sold in New York and other markets as Malaga grapes," said a fruit dealer, "are really not Malaga grapes at all, but are a grape that grows in the almost inaccessible mountain regions of Spain, in the district of Almeria. The true Malaga grape is so tender and delicate a fruit that it will not stand shipment well, and even when it arrives here in good condition it is so perishable that unless quick sales are made the importer will have his labor for his pains. Nearly all of the Malaga grape crop is made into raisins. The white and pinkish-white grapes sold here as Malagas are a hardy fruit. The region in which they are grown is wild and primitive, and the grapes are all transported from the vineyards to Almeria on donkeys, a distance of 50 miles, there being no roads to the hills. The country between Almeria and the vineyards is infested by wild beasts and outlaws, and tourists have not yet ventured to include that part of Spain in their wanderings. As the average grape crop of the district is 400,000 barrels of 40 pounds each, the cost of carrying it all that distance on donkeys may be imagined. The vineyards are all small holdings, and yield about five tons to the acre. The usual price for the grapes on the wharf at Almeria is nine cents. The pecking in barrels is all done at the vineyards, the fine cork dust in which the fruit is packed being backed in on the donkeys the same as the grapes are brought out. The harvesting of this unique grape crop is done during August. The vessels in which the grapes are shipped from Almeria cannot come in to the wharves but lie at anchor some distance out. The grapes are taken to the vessel in row boats of unique pattern and small capacity. The grapes begin to reach New York about the first of October. This market handles from 150,000 to 200,000 barrels of the fruit. It is bought by the local dealers from the importers at auction sale. These grapes will keep well from the close of one season to the opening of another. It is rare that the importers close out their holdings in them before April."

Storing Fruits and Vegetables.

Ordinary farmers and fruit growers are not, we are convinced, sufficiently careful about the sanitary conditions of their dwellings. In cities, where the sanitary condition of every household is a matter of public attention from the fact that proximity of dwellings renders it of almost as much importance that your neighbor keep his dwelling and premises clean and whole some as that he be careful about handling fire, the Board of Health exercises a careful supervision and has extraordinary powers. A dangerous epidemic, starting in a filthy locality, may rapidly spread over a large city destroying many lives and disastrously affecting business interests.

In the country there is no such supervision and control and the farmer may ignorantly or thoughtlessly, put his dwelling in such a condition that, even if no such zymotic diseases as diphtheria, typhoid fever or other forms of malarial effects appear, a general condition of poor health may prevail in the family.

Cellars should be kept pure and sweet and as free as possible from the presence of all fermenting. This cannot be if piles of different species of fruits and vegetables are stored in the cellar to undergo slow—possibly rapid—decay. The house cellar, we submit, is not the place for the storage of quantities of potatoes, turnips, beets, cabbages, carrots, onions and apples. The fermenting rising from the decay of these will penetrate the floors and rise into the sleeping and living rooms, forming an atmosphere that it is not healthful for human beings to breathe. The house cellar should only be used for temporary storage of small quantities of the different kinds of fruits and vegetables in daily use, and they should be kept in clean bins, boxes or barrels, where they will not undergo fermentation.

Too many householders will not only fill

their cellars with potatoes, reserved for market, but will close up and bank up the windows, the cellar wall, all around, and the outside doorway, so as to exclude the frost. This banking may be done with earth, possibly with straw and, not rarely, with stable manure, and this banking material will not be removed until all fears of freezing are past in the spring. Not a morsel of fresh, external atmosphere will be admitted, that they can prevent entering during this time. Is it surprising that farmers' families are often visited in winter with strange, unaccountable ailments that beset the skill of physicians?

We recall a winter, some forty-five years since, the winter following the first attack of the potato rot, when a strange epidemic prevailed in a rural section of western New York, which proved very fatal. In some instances four or five were taken out of a family. Physicians did not understand it and knew not how to treat it. They called it malignant erysipelas. Some of the wisest ones traced it to cellars in which large quantities of diseased potatoes were stored. But, even where no mortal epidemic is caused, the family over the cellars filled with fermenting germs, may suffer from general ill-health, from milder forms of malarial diseases.

The cost of walling up a room in the corner of the barn cellar and making it frost-proof with layers of building paper and board ceilings is not great, and the saving during a term of years would be very great. An outdoor cellar can be constructed by almost any farmer of ordinary ingenuity with but slight outlay for materials. And there is no way that vegetables can be preserved in better condition than in pits. There is really no excuse for risking the health of the family by storing large quantities of perishable fruits and vegetables in the family cellar.—*Rural Home.*

Horticultural Items.

An Illinois canning company recently sent a train of twenty cars of canned corn to San Francisco.

Mrs. R. W. Merrill, of Auburn, Me., raised three bushels of delicious peaches on a tree grown from seed planted five years ago.

Detroit furnishes large quantities of cabbages to Cincinnati sausage-kraut factories, which consume two million five hundred head every year.

Ordnance apples have been exported from Maine to other States this season, to be ground up into cider. Thirty and forty cents were paid for them.

One of the mean things about the codling moth is that it is not content to spoil one apple, but will often eat its way out of one and into another if it hangs in convenient juxtaposition.

J. B. Ferris, of Ionia, is putting 125,000 stalks of celery into storage houses. He has two houses, one 25x100, the other 35x150, in which the celery is packed closely with the roots in the inch of earth and arranged in tiers as high as the building permits.

The Horticultural Times of London, England, congratulates English apple-growers on the small quantity of American apples arriving at English ports this winter. That means a considerable advance to English fruit-growers and it means also a shortened consumption by those who cannot afford to pay the increase.

It is certainly a mistake to grow tomatoes in the same place again and again. We find those planted in the old spot slow to ripen, smaller, more liable to decay, and the vines produce less fruit than those of the same age and variety planted where tomatoes were never set before. The latter are very large, firm, smooth, and excellent every way.

Don't cover your strawberry bed till the ground freezes about two inches; then apply marsh hay, cut corn stalks, bagasse (refuse from sugar cane), clean straw without weed seed—just enough to cover the plants from sight, paths and all. Don't make it too thick or you will smother the plants. If you have manure without weed seed, and the beds need it, this can be used as a light dressing, evenly distributed; then a very little hay on top. I have used old sawdust with very satisfactory results, but in using heavy material, do not cover quite out of sight, or you will smother the plants.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A FEAT in rapid propagation of pear trees is chronicled as having recently been accomplished by nurseries at Huntsville, Ala. In the fall of 1889 they purchased 100 Idaho pear trees which were only one year from the bud, four to five feet high and more or less branched. The trees were cut down to near the bud, the wood preserved in a dormant state until spring, when they were set as "spring buds" in strong pear stocks. This wood produced 3,251 buds, of which 3,019 grew. The growing buds, to induce their branching freely, were pinched back to eight inches. From these young trees were cut and set over 65,000 buds which will make trees from two to five feet high by the fall of 1891.

Catarrh

is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed.

Catarrh

"I will say I have been troubled for several years with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat, and stopped my feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run down state of health and kidney trouble." Mrs. S. D. Heath, Putnam, Conn.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with very satisfactory results. I have received permanent benefit from it, and know of no other remedy I have ever tried." M. E. Read, of A. Read & Son, Wauson, O.

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We will send you a gentleman's hunting case gold-filled watch, handsomely engraved back and front, guaranteed to wear 15 years, with Elgin movement, and the *FARMER* one year. The cut below is a fair sample of this watch, and it is as handsome and reliable a time-keeper as though it cost four times the money. No such watch can be purchased from a jeweler for less than three times the price asked.

Below we show three styles of watches which we offer to readers of the *FARMER* only, at less than wholesale prices. The watches are manufactured by the Manhattan Watch Co., of New York City, and we will guarantee them to be precisely as represented. The Company guarantee to keep the watches in repair for one year free. They are shipped direct from the factory by mail, prepaid. Now read the following offers:

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Below we show three styles of watches which we offer to readers

MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS,

—SUCCESSORS TO—

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

No. 40 and 42 West Larned St.

DETROIT, MICH.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers wishing the address of the Farmer changed must give the name of the Postoffice to which the paper is now being sent as well as the one they wish it sent to. In writing for a change of address all that is necessary to say is: Change the address to Michigan Farmer from Postoffice to Postoffice. Sign your name in full.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
DETROIT, SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1890.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-office as second class matter.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want a reliable agent at every post-office in the State in which we have none at present. Would prefer bright young boys or girls on the farm. A good commission will be paid on all subscriptions. Samples, etc., furnished on application. Write us at once.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 43,670 bu., against 57,895 bu. the previous week, and 117,059 bu. for corresponding week in 1889. Shipments for the week were 113,150 bu., against 111,464 bu. the previous week, and 108,203 bu. the corresponding week last year. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 332,853 bu., against 393,786 bu. last week, and 390,305 bu. at the corresponding date in 1889. The visible supply of this grain on Nov. 15, was 33,197,212 bu., against 32,099,747 bu. the previous week, and 28,401,778 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 497,465 bushels. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows a decrease of 8,904,566 bu.

A stringent money market caused by heavy speculation in the great money centers of the world, can be charged up with a serious decline in wheat values since our last report. There was a disposition apparent to close out all deals, and the anxiety to realize caused a steady decline from day to day until yesterday. There was no other reason perceptible for the decline, and it was general the world over. Yesterday saw a change in the market, and the weakness so apparent began to disappear. It is now believed the worst of the squeeze is over, money will be easier, and wheat values firmer. The advance yesterday was principally in futures, and the close was at the highest points reached. New York, Chicago and St. Louis advanced nearly as much as Detroit, and the day closed with a healthier feeling in all grades.

The following is a record of the closing prices on the various deals in futures each day during the past week:

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Mar.
White	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 1	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 2	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 3	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
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No. 6	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 7	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 8	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 9	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 10	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 11	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 12	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 13	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 14	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 15	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 16	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 17	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 18	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 19	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 20	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
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No. 24	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 25	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 26	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 27	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 28	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
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No. 30	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 31	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 32	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 33	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 34	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 35	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 36	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 37	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 38	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 39	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
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No. 43	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
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No. 45	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 46	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 47	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 48	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 49	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 50	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 51	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 52	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 53	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 54	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 55	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 56	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 57	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 58	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 59	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 60	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 61	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 62	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 63	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 64	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 65	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 66	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 67	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 68	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 69	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 70	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 71	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 72	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 73	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 74	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 75	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 76	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 77	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 78	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 79	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 80	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 81	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 82	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 83	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 84	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 85	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 86	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 87	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 88	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 89	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 90	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 91	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 92	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 93	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 94	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 95	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 96	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 97	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 98	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 99	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 100	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2

The following table shows the quantity of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage to Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Mar.
White	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 1	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
No. 2	94 1/2	1 01 1/2	1 04 1/2	1 07 1/2
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Poetry.

UNCLE EPHRAIM.

My Uncle Ephraim was a man who did not live in vain.
And yet, why he succeeded so I never could explain;
By nature he was not endowed with wit to a degree,
But folks allowed there nowhere lived a better man than he;
He started poor, but soon got rich; he went to Congress then,
And held that post of honor long against much braiter men.
He never made a famous speech nor did a thing of note,
And yet the praise of Uncle Eph welled up from every throat.
I recollect I never heard him say a bitter word,
He never carried out and so unpleasant things he heard;
He always doffed his hat and spoke to every one he knew,
He talked to poor and rich alike a general "how do you do?"
He blessed the babies, praised their looks, and said: "That child will grow to be a Daniel Webster or our president, I know!"
His voice was so mellifluous, his smile so full of mirth,
That folks believed he was the best and smartest man on earth.
Now, father was a smarter man, and yet he never won
Such wealth and fame as Uncle Eph, the dearest of my son;
He had "connections," and he was not loath to speak his mind—
He went his way and said his say as he might be inclined;
Yes, he was trained; yet his life was hardly a success—
He was too honest and too smart for this vain world, I guess;
At any rate, I wondered he was unsuccessful when
My Uncle Eph, a duller man, was so revered of men.
When Uncle Eph was dying he called me to his bed,
And in a tone of confidence he said:
"Dear William, ere I seek repose in yonder blissful sphere,
I fain would breathe a secret in your adolescent ear;
Strive not to know your way through life—it really doesn't pay;
Be sure the saint of flattery soaps all you do and say;
Herein the only royal road to fame and fortune lies;
Put not your trust in vinegar—classes catches flies."
—Eugene Field.

AFTER HARVEST.

The days of harvest are past again;
We have cut the corn and bound the sheaves,
And gathered the apples green and gold,
And the brown and crimson orchard leaves,
With a flowery promise the springtime came;
With the building birds and blossoms sweet;
But, oh! the joy of fruit and wine!
And oh! the joy of the corn and wheat!
What was the labor to the apple gold,
And what the sowing to the home-grown gold?
What was the song that sped the plow
To the joyful song of harvest home?
So sweet, so fair, are the days of youth;
So full of promise, so gay with song;
To the life of joy and dream of love,
Right merrily go the hours along,
But yet in the harvest time of life
We never wish for its spring again.
We have tried our strength, and proved our heart;
Our hands have gathered the golden grain;
We have eaten with sorrow her bitter bread,
And love has fed us with honeycomb;
Sweet youth, we can never weep for thee
When life has come to its harvest home.
When the apples are red on the topmost bough,
We do not think of their blossoming hour;
When the vines hang low with their purple fruit,
We do not long for their pale green flower.
So then, when hope of our spring is last,
Are found in fruit of the busy harvest.
In the heart's sweet love, in the hand's brave toil,
We shall not wish for our youth again.
Ah, no! we shall say with a glad content:
"After the years of our hardy toil,
Thank God for our harvest of life is best!"
—Lionel R. Burr.

Miscellaneous.

WOMAN'S WAY.

A Thanksgiving Incident of the Late Unpleasantness.

"If the Thanksgiving dinner of the folks at home is as good as mine is bad, it's the finest spread ever made."
The speaker was Private Ned Farwell, of a volunteer cavalry regiment, the time was late autumn, 1863, and the scene a road crossing in North Carolina, where Ned, whose regiment was on a long scouting expedition, had been posted an hour before by the sergeant of the picket-guard. The skies were in keeping with late November, but no more sombre than the expression of Ned's face; even the horse which Ned bestrode had a mournful attitude, and the stubble of the fields, like the few leaves which still clung to the trees of the oak barren, gave a dismal monotony to the landscape about him. The only visible indication of neighboring humanity was a small, unapainted house two or three hundred yards away, just far enough to be uninteresting, and, as Ned grimly informed himself, just near enough to suit the purpose of any bushwhacker who might like to secure a trooper's horse and scout-reinforcements by the easy method of shooting the rider.
"Well," Ned resumed, after looking out each of the roads a few times, "it's fully dinner-time, judging by my feelings, so I may as well fall to. First course, hard tack; second course, more of the same; third, ditto, with hard tack for dessert. If I don't cut one of the courses, I'll have to have a small supper, for there's only nine crackers in a day's ration, and I had three for breakfast. I wouldn't feel so bad about it if the canteen managed to strike some money stock—and for this day of all days, confound it! Likely enough there's a box of good things from home waiting for me in camp, a hundred miles away; of course they'll all spoil before we get back to them. Ah, well—soldier's luck."

pressed disgust as he looked at the biscuit and sniffed at it before he fixed his teeth in it. Meanwhile he kept a sharp eye on the house; should he see a sudden puff of white smoke, at that distance he could save himself by quickly "ducking."
While he was working his way slowly through the first half of the biscuit, he saw the door of the house open. Instantly his hand dropped to his carbine, but relaxed its hold as he saw an old-fashioned sun-bonnet protrude, to be slowly followed by the form that wore it.
"Going to blow the dinner-horn, I suppose," muttered Ned. "I wonder what they're going to have? Even if it's only fried onions, I wish the wind would blow through the kitchen and bring a whiff of it out here, to take the taste of mould out of this cracker."
But the woman blew no horn, she stood motionless, apparently staring at Ned.
"Seems to be impressed; perhaps distance lends enchantment to the view. Hope she isn't thinking of inviting herself to take Thanksgiving dinner with me. By Jove! perhaps she is, for here she comes."
The woman walked, apparently with a hesitating step, down a road which was dimly outlined against the dead grass; when she was within a few paces of the fence she stopped and seemed undecided. Ned raised his hat and shouted:
"Good morning, madam, and a happy Thanksgiving day to you."
She came down to the fence, leaped up on it, and said:
"What was that you said?"
"I wished you a happy Thanksgiving day. I can't say that I'm having one, but I don't begrudge it to any one else."
"Is this Thanksgiving day? I didn't know it. I haven't seen no papers for a long time, and we don't have church often now."
"Why, yes; this is Thanksgiving day; at least it is among us Yankees, and—"
The woman started, and said:
"I didn't know you was a Yankee. I thought maybe you was one of—"
"You needn't be frightened, ma'am," said Ned, quickly. "We're not here to harm women, least of all on Thanksgiving day."
The woman gave him the long stare peculiar to country people who meet strangers; Ned returned the look with becoming modesty, and saw a face neither pretty nor ugly—a plain, honest-looking country woman, in a faded and shapless calico dress. The woman finally broke the silence by saying:
"Pears to me I've heard that you Northern folks make a good deal of Thanksgiving day."
"Indeed we do," Ned replied. "I wish I could see the inside of your dining-room at home about now. There's father and mother, and grandfather, and all the young ones around the table, and two big roast turkeys just aching to be carved, and potatoes, and onions, and celery, and cranberry sauce, and cider, and three kinds of pie waiting on a side table, with nuts and apples and oranges. And like as not grand-dad is standing up at this very moment thanking the Lord for all the mercies of the year, and asking Him to be particularly merciful to all the hungry and needy to-day, and—"
Ned was a good soldier, but he was scarcely beyond boyhood, so between the sentiment of the day and the sense of the remoteness of the home festivities, he found a couple of unsteady tears streaking his face. He quickly turned his head away, and the woman said:
"That must be real nice. Well, I ain't got enough family to make much fuss for—just the children and me. My husband's off in the war."
Then she started, as if she had made a mistake, but Ned quickly replied:
"Men will fight for their own side, ma'am, when a war breaks out. Wherever your husband is, I wish him well to-day."
"You don't make no great shakes of Thanksgiving in the army, I suppose," said the reassured woman. "Don't have no big dinners."
"No bigger than this," said Ned, with a smile, as he extracted another biscuit from his haversack and held it up to view. "I can't say there's any fancy cooking about it, but it's food, and that's all a soldier can expect."
The woman looked curiously at the biscuit; Ned rode up to the fence and handed it to her, saying:
"Won't you take one, just for a curiosity? Be careful when you bite into it, for men have broken their teeth on such things. It ain't bad, though, when it's fresh, as it was when I started."
The woman looked the biscuit over, again stared long at Ned, and finally turned toward the house, saying:
"Well, good-bye. I hope you'll get back safe to your folks. I wish all the fighting was over."
"So say we all of us," Ned responded. Then he continued, as the woman returned to the house: "I ought to have given her another. Like enough, with no man in the house, she has a hard time to get those children enough to eat. The one I did give her, though, takes another course out of my dinner. Guess I'll save the extra cracker for an hour or two, so that I won't be ravenous at supper-time."
Again at her doorstep, the woman stopped and looked in Ned's direction so long that the young man felt that himself:
"If I hadn't been unshaved for a week, and if I weren't spattered from head to foot with mud, I'd have to think that woman had taken a notion to me. She isn't that kind, though."
Further interest in the subject was prevented by the woman going into the house. Ned had still the greater part of four hours to wait before the relief-guard should come, so he went back to his thoughts of home. Like many men in the ranks of both armies, he was intelligent enough to attribute the war to the blunders of politicians, and he was vindictive enough to offer a prayer that the time-killers devices that were possible to a lone man on horseback. He tried to guess the time by mentally measuring the altitude of the lightest spot of the western sky; he compared the rail fence with others he had seen in the South; he endeavored to determine the species of trees far to his right; and he might have gone through more or

vacant-mindedness had he not been startled by footsteps in the direction of the house. Turning his horse quickly, he saw a little boy and girl, each carrying a plate, and standing near the fence. Their faces were blank, except for an expression of awe, but they held up the plates and succeeded in saying in unison:
"Mother wishes you a pleasant Thanksgiving."
"Gracious!" exclaimed Ned. One plate contained a fried chicken, still steaming, two baked sweet potatoes, and a large hoe-cake; on the other were peanuts and some frosted persimmons. The young man assumed the purpose for which the viands were sent and acted accordingly, talking, as he ate, until he and the children became as familiar as old friends. Then he searched his pockets for something to give the children, but he could find nothing more appropriate than his knife and pocket-mirror, both of which he promptly sacrificed.
The fortunes of war afterward brought Ned a pair of shoulder-traps, which were succeeded by others, and when peace sent him home he captured a charming young woman whom he had long admired. He prospered in business, too, so when he married, he started with his wife for a long wedding journey in the South. Of course he revisited the scene of his own service; his bride insisted upon it. One day, while the two were driving together, the young woman said:
"Ned, dear, tell me truly, did you never fall in love with any of the Southern women?"
"No," was the reply, "not exactly. But there was one woman—"
"I want to see her!"
"Nonsense, my dear; she must be almost old enough to be your mother." Then Ned told the story of his Thanksgiving dinner of several years before, after which the young woman exclaimed:
"Now I want more than ever to see her."
"My dear," said Ned, "by a striking coincidence I'm taking you right to her house, and—for the familiar cross-roads were reached—here it is. Eh? what's this? Oh, too bad! The same old story, all through the South—notice of sale on foreclosure of mortgage."
"It ain't be!" exclaimed the bride.
"That woman! O Ned, is it too late? When is it to be?"
"Very soon," the husband replied, after stopping his carriage beside the tree on which the notice was tacked. "Some little matter of a hundred or two dollars, I'll warrant."
"Ned!" said the bride, in a choking voice and with her eyes full of tears, "let's stop our wedding-trip. It will cost more than that. I insist upon it!"
"But, my dear—"
"Give me my way, you promised it before we were married. Give me all the money you have, except enough to take us home. Give it to me this minute!"
"My dear," said Ned, taking a wad of greenbacks from the inner pocket of his vest, "I never before knew how handsome you were."
Ned had but little trouble in reintroducing himself at the house and in becoming acquainted with the woman's husband. Meanwhile the bride insisted on hearing the story from the woman herself. When it ended she exclaimed:
"How could you bring yourself to do it, when he was one of the enemy?"
"Well," said the woman, awkwardly fingering her apron, "I don't know. He was away from home; he felt bad, I could see it in his face, and I couldn't help thinking about it. I suppose it was woman's way."
"So is this," said the bride, thrusting the money into the woman's hand. "Save your home; if this isn't enough my husband shall send you the rest."
The recipient was long in comprehending what had happened, but finally a smile came into her tired, patient face, and she drew slowly:
"Thanksgiving day has—" Then she broke down, and she and the bride "had it out" again in "woman's way."—John Habberton, in Home-Maker.

OLD FLETCHER.

The early winter night had fallen on Leipzig. Already lights twinkled in most of the windows. Still Frank Fletcher sat in darkness. It was only one of his idle habits to revivify at twilight. Fletcher, according to the American colony, had many idle habits. He was aroused by a sharp rap at his door. The rap was followed by the appearance of the janitress. Lump in hand, she strode across the room, a tall gaunt figure in woolen short gown and needless felt slippers, and set her burden upon the table with a thump which made the flame flare up and the porcelain shade rattle.
But instead of retreating with the usual "Good-evening," Frank Fletcher threw a stealthy look over each shoulder, then bore down upon Fletcher, and putting her face close to him, whispered:
"He has been awful to-night. Did you hear him?"
"Who?" asked Fletcher, wheeling back.
"He," she croaked, in the same low whisper. "The young American that is ill up there," with a thrust of the thumb toward the ceiling.
"Ill?" The gentleman sprang up. "I have missed him; but I thought he had gone off on some trip."
"Yes, these three weeks," sighed the woman, in deep melancholy. "It did not seem much at first, but this week he has gone down fast. And why the good God should send me such a trouble, with all my work, and the children, and the good man so—"
"Has he a doctor?" he was well looked after?
"He told me not to," with another groan.
"He came to me three weeks ago, red and trembling, and he said: 'Frank, I believe I am going to be a trifle ill. I am subject to these attacks. But it will last only a few days. I do not want any doctor. And if you will do exactly what I say, and take care of me yourself, without telling any one else, I will pay you well for your trouble when I am up again.' But I doubt now whether he ever will be up again," said the woman, with a still deeper groan, "and it has cost me considerable already for the gruel and the fires, and being up at nights

when he was extra bad, and having the toothache all day—"
Fletcher seized the lamp. "Show me his room."
Frau Seidl led the way along the dim hall to the stair-landing, and up to the fourth story of the great building. There, together with the janitress's apartments, were a number of small rooms. It was the door of one of these which the woman flung open to Fletcher.
He entered with an anxious heart. The little room, with its one dormer window commanding the city roof, might have been cozy enough when warm and tidy, but now cold, ill kept, with this figure upon the narrow bed—Heaven! could this be the broad-shouldered, ruddy-cheeked young fellow whose glories physics Fletcher had so admired in their chance meetings? He turned over the red-furred vampire who hovered upon the bed-board, and kept up a groaning accompaniment of "Oh Lord! Lord!" to the unconscious man's moans.
"Woman, build a fire. Clean up this wretched place. Send your Hans instantly for Dr. Baldet. Tell him there is not a moment to lose." With his finger upon the low pulse he seated himself by the bedside. Such cases he had often met with before in this very city of Leipzig, of students made ill through too hard work and too close economy, but never of one brought so low for the lack, probably, of simple human attention.
When the doctor arrived, he looked doubtful. The patient was very ill, that was certain. "But with good care"—here his sharp eyes swept the room's little room—"and with good nursing"—a second glance rested upon the janitress Frau Seidl—"there was no telling, he might pull through."
That very night a cherry-faced nurse was installed in the vampire's place. And in the ensuing weeks human skill and kindness wrought untiringly, until the sick man was brought slowly back to life.
As he gained strength it became clear that something was preying upon his mind, was even retarding his recovery. Fletcher there— and—for the familiar cross-roads were reached—here it is. Eh? what's this? Oh, too bad! The same old story, all through the South—notice of sale on foreclosure of mortgage."
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other such comes. Carious, too, when there are hosts of good people and kind people. But, somehow, no one else, whose goodness and kindness were a tribute to me, nor would you, nor have you nor a else who are as good as me, never thinking it to be a blot at your credit. —Hopper's Bazar.

A SPY'S TALL TALE.
Sending Important Messages by Fishes Across the River.
"Yes, I was a spy during the war, and, if I do say it, I reckon I was the most successful one that went uncaught," said a small, inoffensive, common-place-looking man in the Sherman House to a Chicago Evening Post reporter. "I was in the rebel service and so was my brother. When Porter was shelling New Orleans I was with his fleet as a spy. And thanks to a game my brother and I used to play before the war I was able to send accounts from the fleet to my brother in New Orleans of every thing that was going on. Porter knew from the way in which he was frequently forestalled that there was a spy in the fleet, and he tried hard to catch him, but he never succeeded. And I kept right along until New Orleans surrendered, and my brother was taken prisoner. How did I send my accounts across? By fishes. You see, when Bob and I were boys—we were both under twenty when the war broke out—we used to train fishes to carry messages across the river. We took hook-bait trout—they are the most intelligent when they were young, tamed them, and by sneaking a fly or a piece of meat with asafetida we could catch them whenever we wanted to. Other kinds of fishes smeared with a certain kind of oil we gave them, but that made them sick and after awhile they wouldn't touch any thing but flies with asafetida on them. We taught them the way swimming straight ahead in any direction we turned them. By that way we had lots of fun. On the other side of the river, in a pond and then in the river. They swam with the accuracy of a bullet, never deviating a hair's breadth, and in a thin little tube, fastened to the under part of the fish with two copper wire rings, we were able to send messages to one another. You see one of us would fix a fish, set him in the river carefully pointed to the spot across the river where the other was waiting, and he would swim like a flash. I would signal to my brother and he would drop a line with flavored fly or meat on the end into the water, and in a few moments he would feel a bite and up he would pull our funny messenger. My brother would cut the string in the fish's mouth, read the message, answer it, and put the fish back in the water and steer him for me. By that way we had lots of fun. You catch the idea? Well, when I was with Porter that's the way I did. He saw me fishing, as did his officers. But they saw nothing suspicious in that. Would you?"

A BICYCLIST'S TALE.
Why His Girl Felt Bad When He Was Taken from the Machine.
"Some years ago I was very much impressed with a pretty girl," said a Chicago wheelman to a News reporter. "That is expressing it mildly, for, as a matter of fact, I was in love with her. I made an arrangement to take her to a ball one evening," said the bicyclist. "It was a swell affair, no ordinary occasion, and I looked forward to it with more than usual interest, and so did she. 'I was a member of a bicycle club then, and as such had entered in a race for a prize. The race took place on a day preceding the ball. Of course, I took my girl to view the event. I secured for her a good seat in the grand stand, where, as I proudly declared in my innermost thoughts, she would see me win a glorious victory. I was determined that my wheel should carry me right into her affections. The race was to be run on a course that was not the smoothest in the world. There were dangerous places in it, spots where a rider would be very likely to take a header if not careful. 'Three of us came to the scratch for the start, and we got away in great shape. For the first quarter or so I was second, following close behind the leader. The third man was uncomfortably close to me. On we went, each man straining every nerve, when in some way my competitor behind me ran into me. He struck the little wheel of my bicycle, and the result was that we both went down in a heap. There was a terrible mixture of wheels and men for a while. 'Of course the accident caused a good deal of excitement among the spectators. A murmur of horror went up, but above it all could be heard the screams of my girl. As I was trying to extricate myself from the ruins she arose in her seat and cried out: 'Oh, he is killed! he is killed! Who will take me to the ball now, who will take me to the ball?' 'Helen,' he said, faintly, 'I have learned to wait; but it will be good to have it over.' 'Yes, it is over,' she answered. There was such a joy in her voice that his heart beat again, that he sat up and looked into her glowing face and eyes. 'And we need not die either, Frank, though you did look like it a moment ago. Perhaps it was wrong for me to come to you so suddenly, but I thought you had seen me in the chapel. And how could I wait any longer? You must not deny me. You must not say anything. I decided before, and was right then, and I am right now. Have I not Harold's conscience-keeper these years? Though he little knew what he was doing when he filled his letters with you. But if I had not heard one thing about your life here, to see you—as I have already when I did not know it—as I do now, would be enough. Oh, my love, you humiliate me! You have gone beyond me. Teach me, Frank. All my life I shall want to kneel here, as I am kneeling now.' 'That was a touching little wedding in the American Chapel, every one said, though just why it was so, or what made every one say so, perhaps no one could have explained. It was hard to have Fletcher go, dear old chap—that was clear. It came at last like a shock to all. And that reception afterward, which the people insisted upon giving them at the Hotel de Suisse—that was hard upon Fletcher. He was such a modest fellow! He wandered about really bewildered; couldn't seem to make it out. But his beautiful wife enjoyed it, and well she might, with each man and woman pouring into her ear some new story about her husband. How the Germans had Gesticulated! The Americans were mournful. Do the best they could, their eyes followed his gray head everywhere. They couldn't seem to give him up. Well, the colony will wait long before an-

A MEMORABLE EXPLOIT.
How Masterly Mollie Matches Robbed a Man of Forty-Six Thousand Dollars.
A band of pickpockets were one day "working" a train running to New York on the Hudson River railroad. There were four of them, says the Kansas City Star. The exigencies of pocket-picking require at least that number—one pickpocket proper, who does the actual taking, and three "stalls," or assistants. The chief of the band was John Larney, alias Mollie Matches, than whom no surer or more expert thief ever "dipped a hook." They were not on this train at random. A man was going to New York who had forty-six crisp and brittle 1,000-dollar bills in a pocketbook inside his great coat. This man was occupying a seat near the center of the car. The other three were ahead of him on the other side of the aisle and the other two were disposed of on the next seat behind him. Suddenly the man arose and stepped into the aisle. Anxiety parched his mouth and he wanted a drink. As he arose the four thieves, as if by accident, all left their seats. This brought the victim between the two pairs. They all came towards him, the ones to the rear apparently seeking to appropriate one of the car to that sought the ones in front. For a second the five blocked the aisle, the victim in the center. Everybody was the spirit of politeness; apologies were muttered as the four well-dressed, quiet-looking rascals apparently attempted to get out of everybody's way. The victim was not hustled or jostled by these masters of their art, but with every touch he was placed and held in position while the deft Matches, that prince of pickpockets, performed the feat of "wooding" his long pocketbook wherein the forty-six 1,000-dollar bills were disposed lengthwise. "Wooding" is the name of a process in thievery which takes the bills on occasions when the ends thereof project beyond the pocket-book, and leaves the empty wallet still in its owner's possession. The value of the process lies in this, that it is generally a long time before the victim is aware of his loss—Not until he opens his pocket-book, where, as if the pocket-book itself should disappear he might note the fact at once. The victim in this instance did not discover his loss at the time, as nothing occurred during the despoilment which gave him notice; but, having some reason for taking out his wallet about ten minutes later, he found himself plundered. He made a great uproar. The conductor and train-men were called, but as he did not possess a clew or even a suspicion as to who robbed him they could do nothing. One thing was sure the money was still on the train, as there had been no stop. The conductor assumed the pressure. He halted his train out in the rural regions, and, tapping the wires, telegraphed to the New York police. Meanwhile the train was guarded and no one allowed to alight. The train was started for the run in. The four thieves were aware of all that was going on. They knew of the difficulties which beset them and that the entire detective force of New York was now on the lookout. They secretly divided the money and it was agreed that the word should be "every man for himself." Larney was in a predicament. His face was as well known to the Metropolitan Detectives as the Boverly. He knew if he was recognized he was lost. In his dilemma he went through to the Pullman car. There he found an old clergyman traveling with his daughter and her little girl, a child of four years. An idea came to the pickpocket. He was quiet and unobtrusively attended. He had a considerable store of religious knowledge. He could play the role and resolved for the nonce to be a preacher. He introduced himself to the old minister and his daughter. He described himself as from Hamilton, Ont., and the pastor of a Baptist church. The edifice which had seen his sacred ministrations had been burned to its foundations, and he was on his way to New York to see what might be recovered, as his congregation was very poor. The old man and his daughter were very glad to see the pickpocket. They gave him all manner of counsel and sympathy and invited him to their house. When any one passed through the car, which happened once or twice, Larney turned his back and avoided notice. At last the train came to a stop at the Central depot and they left it. Here was the old man's daughter. He knew that twenty officers would scan every one who stepped off the train. He was alive to the fact that any one of them would know the celebrated Mollie Matches the instant he set his eyes squarely on him. This must be avoided. As they arose to leave the car Larney caught up the little girl in his arms and so carried her that his face was buried in the blonde tangle of her hair. In this disguise, roguery screened by innocence, Larney passed through a mob of officers and escaped recognition. No one looked for the pickpocket behind the yellow tangle of a baby's hair. Once outside Larney hastily shoved a solitary diamond ring on the little girl's thumb as a reward for the service she had unwittingly done him and a wife and child were whisked away to safety, leaving the old preacher and his daughter agast. "It was buried good and deep in half an hour," said Larney, "where detectives never come. I'd given the baby one of the \$1,000 bills, but I was afraid it might help to turn me up."

A Use for Cotton Stalks.
About a year ago a young lawyer in Augusta, Ga., began experiments with cotton stalks. The pulp and skin were removed from the stalks. The fiber was then placed in a carding machine from which was secured an article of the tenacity and color of jute but yank. This product he shipped to himself at Patterson, N. Y., where it was woven into a bagging which he said to be less inflammable than jute, and while equally durable is of less cost. Cotton planters see an article in view that will help them to boycott jute bagging, and also a profitable market for cotton stalks, which they have always had trouble to dispose of.

Franks of Electric Wire.
A tree in Nashville caught fire from an electric wire. One limb was burned entirely off. A policeman threw water on the burning limb but the fire he experienced a severe electric shock.

Knows All About It Now.
"I never realized," said a young Washington man, "until I proposed to a deaf mute and was rejected."

They found By his own Where gleam The light Ys in the There are were the Of more They looked Fraught with The outline That noise Also they That shade Poveries he That life To miss the eye. So no But still Like an And still the The look For they that And more Vist not the The dream —Eugene Field.

TURF.
Signs The How the Tr Affected goers? "That se to-day. "Why, wh when I wigh, the gram of l gase. That had luck k horses on This con the entrance says A. E. Star. Gamb man, as to thing they a look or had, governed in dead of a r aged man when when he sould put his leave the tra is met and he man will taw At one of the who is a litt patron. Som prominent to said to make these tips be lucky to me to the women star mascot a crossed by c "Get your p gramme! Th chiefly comm men avoid h Many tur superstitions, a horse whi tion while they invari that horse w The horse nu will tell his Should the name before him, it and he mist down to the house of jour Host are alw pit boats. T numbers, and in large black Should they number, they that number gramme in ca Around ever ways to be se Some have be Nearly all of them pedd articles. Man rich, and they through the ters. An habi is had luck to giving him a dropped into t while as a m good luck for "Did you ha race?" asked the betting rig the last day of "No," was h "Well, him on Fitzgams one of the best Barnes is ridi "I guess w "Why, what "Well, I ha way this morn and faced it u sign of bad l luck all day, b Doing such a hoodoo that if Jugg were in a to back Salva win." Many of a mascot of so some articles of money, many copper pieces, some article of may vary from The bookmaker ly partial to co A hunchback favor by pat Dreams are theatrical men, back is a hoodoo to refuse to pl in the audience to be able to lo back will bring day. They sch to do so, and if men or women into a crowd, he considerably be Dreams have superstition w dream of seeing ing a certain no upon as a suro win the next t these dreamers friends of thei dream that ar phetic are very require all the be able to int dreamers, thou make any of the way to a certai "Here is one

AT THE GOAL.

They found him in the silent place,
By his own fancy peopled face,
Where gleamed on many a pictured face
The light his own had ceased to wear.

Yet in the slightest eyes the white
There seemed some ecstasy of trance,
And on the right mouth a smile out,
Of more than life's significance.

They looked upon the painted scene,
Fraught with the magic of his mind,
The outlined power, clear and keen,
That never now should succumb again.

Alas! they said—his hand is still
That shadowed forth the growing thought!
Powerless his subtle brain and will
That life to death meaning wrought!

Alas! alas!—again they cried—
To miss the vision almost found!
To fall upon the mountain-side
So near the summit glory crowned!

But still the dead eyes gazed before,
Like one who saw the goal ahead,
And still the face transfigured wore
The look they could not comprehend:

Ferther that o'er him sorrow bent,
And mourned the life too early dead,
Wist not the smile's pale radiance meant
The dream fulfilled, the glory won!

—Kate Putnam Osgood, in Harper's Weekly.

TURFMAN'S BELIEFS.

Signs That Point to Good or Bad Luck.

How the Transactions of a Gambler Are Affected by Various Omens—Racegoers' Superstitions in Regard to Lucky Horses.

"That settles it. I don't make a bet today."

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Well, the man I bought this programme of is cross-eyed, and I met his gaze. That's one of the worst signs of bad luck I know, and I guess I'll let the horses run to-day."

This conversation was overheard at the entrance of a popular race-course, says A. F. Aldrich, in the New York Star. Gambler, and particularly turfmen, are very superstitious. Every thing they see is either an omen of good luck or bad, and by these signs they are governed in all their transactions. The dread of a race-goer's life is a cross-eyed man. If a man meets a cross-eyed man when he is going to make a bet, it sends a cold shiver all over him. He will put his money away, and very often leave the track. If a cross-eyed woman is met and her gaze is encountered, a man will have luck all day.

At one of the winter tracks a woman who is a little cross-eyed is a regular patron. She gets tips from all the prominent turfmen on the track, and is said to make lots of money. She gets these tips because the men think it lucky to meet her gaze. She is a hoodoo to the women, though, and their particular mascot at the Clifton track is the cross-eyed young man who sings out: "Get your programme! Get your programme!" at the gate. His patronage chiefly comes from the women, and the men avoid him as they would a plague. Many turfmen have very childish superstitions. If they see the name of a horse placed in any prominent position while on their way to the races, they invariably take that as a tip that that horse will win, and will play it. The horse may win, and then the man will tell his friends how he got the tip. Should the horse lose, he will declare that the name was placed prominently before him so that he should not play it, and he will mistake the sign. On the way down to the Monmouth Park races these who journey by the boat to Sandy Hook are always on the lookout for pilot boats. These boats are known by numbers, and the numbers are painted in large black figures on the mainsails. Should they be lucky enough to see a number, they will play the horse that that number points to on the programme in each race.

Around every race-track there are always to be seen a number of blind men. Some have been there for several years. Nearly all of them are beggars. A few of them peddle pencils and other small articles. Many of them are growing rich, and they are getting rich slowly through the superstitions of the betters. An habitual race-goer thinks it is bad luck to pass a blind man without giving him a penny, and if a penny is dropped into the blind beggar's hat it will act as a mascot and bring the donor good luck for the remainder of that day.

"Did you back White Nose in the last race?" asked a race-goer of his friend in the betting ring at Sheepshead Bay on the last day of the meeting.

"No," was the reply.

"Well, hurry up and get your money on Fitzjames for the next race. It's one of the best things of the season, and Barnes is riding."

"I guess I won't touch it to-day."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, I faced my shoe up the wrong way this morning, and then I placed it away this morning. That's a sure sign of bad luck. If I had let it be faced wrongly I would have had good luck all day, but, like a chump, I didn't. Doing such a thing as that is such a hoodoo that if Salvatore and Big Brown Jug were in a race together and I were to back Salvatore, Lovell's plug would win."

Many of the big betters always carry a mascot of some kind or another with them. With some it is a cane, with others an umbrella. Some carry a piece of money, many of them having an old copper piece. Lots of them believe in some article of wearing apparel, which may vary from a sock to an old coat. The bookmakers seem to be particularly partial to coats.

A hunchback is always looked on with favor by patrons of the race course. This is where turfmen differ from theatrical men, as actors think a hunchback is a hoodoo, and have been known to refuse to play because they saw one in the audience. Turfmen think that to be able to touch the hump of a hunchback will bring them good luck all that day. They scheme in all kinds of ways to do so, and if one of these deformed men or women should happen to get into a crowd, his back is rubbed very considerably before he gets out.

Dreams have always been a favorite superstition with betting people. To dream of seeing a certain horse, or of seeing a certain horse win a race, is looked upon as a sure sign that that horse will win the next time he comes out, and these dreamers invariably tell their friends of their dreams. Some of the dreams that are supposed to be prophetic are very mysterious, and they require all the knowledge of a Daniel to be able to interpret them. These dreamers, though, seem to be able to make any of their visions point in some way to a certain horse.

Here is one dream that turned out

very well. It is an odd one, and the man who told it says whether or not he had been drinking the night before it was dreamed. The dreamer fancied that he was receiving all kinds of odd presents from every one he met. The presents were of no earthly use to him, and he could not make out why they were given to him. The dreamer was a man who had to hustle for a living, and when an elephant and a box of blocks were presented to him he found them decidedly in the way. Slippers arrived by the cartload. Cane and umbrellas were so numerous that he could have stacked a good-sized store. Among other things were a barrel of flour, several bottles of pickles, pieces of dress goods, a wig, a set of false teeth and a coffin. When he woke up in the morning he tried to interpret the dream. After puzzling over it for some time he decided that it must have been his birthday or Christmas. He eagerly looked over the list of entries in the morning paper, and finding that Birthday was entered in a mile-and-a-furlong race, he felt sure that the dream was a tip. He told all his friends the dream, and they agreed with him. They made a trip to Sheepshead Bay that afternoon and played Birthday at eleven to five. Birthday won, and they celebrated the event in the evening.

On the same day that Birthday won, a young man went down to the race-course looking very weary and woe-begone. His friends could not make out what was the matter with him, as he was usually very lively. He appeared to be wrestling with some weighty subject in his mind, which was altogether beyond his capabilities. His friends made him take a drink, joked and laughed with him, watched two races together, but the young man became more dismal every moment. Finally, after a deal of persuasion, and while the betting was going on for the third race, he was induced to tell his tale of woe.

The previous night he had a dream. He thought he was up in Maine having a glorious time. The weather was lovely. He, with some others, were camping out in the woods. They had made an excursion to the lumber region, and they were much interested in watching the men felling the trees. While asleep he was having a glorious time, but all day long he had been wondering what that dream meant. He was sure it was a tip, but could not see on what. Suddenly one of his friends grabbed his programme and made a hurried examination.

"Why, Woodcutter, of course," he exclaimed.

The three men rushed to the betting ring, and just as the horses were going to the post secured three to one against the colt. Woodcutter won, and the young man has been happy ever since.

Tips are now to be had from some new drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machines. These machines have miniature race tracks attached. Half a dozen horses are fastened on wires and go speeding down the track when a nickel is dropped in. The color of the one that wins is carefully noted. The superstitious then study the programme for a similar color and play that horse. Sometimes they win and sometimes they don't. They have won often enough to make the superstitious believe in the tip.

To see a pichard or calico horse, as they are sometimes called, is a very good sign. To have a strange dog follow you in the street is also considered good luck. To have good luck during the day one must get out of bed on the right side, and the right foot must touch the floor first. Then there is the old superstition about seeing the new moon over the left shoulder.

Another tip which many of the superstitious are ready to take is given when the horses are at the post ready to start. Very often the saddle girls get a little loose, and the jockey will ask permission to dismount and have them tightened. The superstitious call this "putting on the cinch," and as soon as they see a boy dismount they hurry off to the betting ring to put on some money. It is rather curious to note that several horses that have had their saddle girths tightened when they have been at the post lately have won their races.

TRADITION ABOUT BEES.

The Busy Bees Object to Being Kept by Quarrelsome Families.

There is probably no insect in which mankind takes more interest than the bee, says the London Standard, and there certainly is none around which so many superstitions have clustered from time immemorial. The important part of the busy little bee has ever played in our domestic life, how its deeds have been sung by our poets and moralized on by our preachers, it is not proposed to dilate on here; but some of the current superstitions connected with it, though very amusing, may not be generally known. Primarily, quarrelsome people, if inclined to live in the country and keep bees, are warned to mend their ways or their hives will soon become deserted. Bees may be, and we believe are, very pugnacious among themselves, but they are strongly object, so say the country folk, to belong to a contentious household. A quarrelsome family, we are assured, will get no honey. Keep as many bees as they like. Another good example set by them is that they object to thrive if dishonestly come by; on the contrary, they flourish in plain away and die, thereby showing a highly commendable respect for the eighth commandment. And if they must not be stolen, neither must they be sold. To sell them for money is considered a most unlucky proceeding, but they may be bartered away, and all will go right.

A bushel of corn was always considered a fair equivalent for a swarm, or a small pig would be taken in exchange. So long as the bees are bartered they are happy, but to be "guilty of selling them is a grievous offense indeed, than which nothing can be more dreadful," evidently their self-respect is touched, and they refuse to work for an owner who has bought them into slavery. Their sympathy with mankind and his troubles were shown in a variety of ways. It is a common saying in Hampshire that bees do not succeed at all in storing up honey whenever there are wars abroad. A large bee-keeper says he has constantly noticed this during the last European wars, though ordinary people will reflect that they can not remember any great scarcity of honey at those particular times. But the most commonly-accepted belief is that the bees in certain cases share our troubles, and this is more particularly noticeable in connection with death.

In some districts the entrance of a bumble-bee into a cottage is looked upon as a certain sign of death, and in others their swarming upon a piece of

dead wood is regarded as equally ominous. A story is told of the wife of a respectable child-bearing woman in Sussex who died in child-birth whose husband accepted the blow quite philosophically because he said they had been warned of the event a fortnight before her confinement. The woman went into the garden and saw that their bees, in the act of swarming, had made choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling place. This is considered an infallible token of approaching death in the family, and in this instance it is more than probable that the prediction brought about its own fulfillment.

Informing bees of a death in the family is a custom still, we believe, practiced in many parts of England. The necessary formalities were very precise, and if they were not fully complied with the bees would certainly take offense and leave their hives never to return. So universal was the custom a few years ago that an inquiry after a cottager's bees would occasionally elicit some such reply as this: "They have all gone away since the death of poor Dick, for we forgot to knock at the hive and tell them that he was gone dead." The answer would be given with as much gravity as if the speaker were relating how her hen roost had been devastated by a fox, or her pigs had died of swine fever. If neighbors were talking of the death of a friend some one in the company would most likely wonder if the bees had been informed of the sad circumstance, and would be comforted by a reply in the affirmative, and that a piece of the funeral cake had been deposited in their hives. A correspondent writing on this subject says this superstition is common among the small farmers of Devon. He once knew an apprentice boy sent back from the funeral cortege by the nurse to tell the bees of it, as it had been forgotten, and to make up for the omission, a little wine and honey was put in front of the hives as a solace to the inmates in their presumable sorrow. In some districts the country people go even further than this. Not only do they, on a death occurring, deck their apiaries with crape after duly informing the inmates of the cause, but they invite the bees to the funeral.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

A Practical Joke Which Might Easily Have Ended in a Tragedy.

For myself, I was "chopped down" once, and once only, writes Charles G. Roberts, in the Niles. It happened in the way. In the midwinter of 1879, I had occasion to visit the chief camp of the Little Madawaska. Coming from the city, and to a camp where I was a stranger to all the men, I was not unreasonably regarded as a pronounced specimen of the greenhorn. I took no pains to tell any one what the boss already well knew, that is, that I had been a member of the Green Camp for my boyhood. Many and many a trap was laid for my apparently "tender" feet, but I avoided them all as if by accident. As for climbing a tree, I always laughed at the idea when it was proposed to me. I always suggested that it might spoil my clothes. Before long the men, by putting little things together, came to the conclusion that I was an old stager, rather sheepish, and they gave over their attempts to entrap me. Then I gracefully waved my hand, as it were, and was frankly received as a veteran, cleared from every suspicion of being green.

At last the day came when I did wish to climb a tree. The camp was on a high plateau, and not far off towered a magnificent pine tree, growing out of the summit of a knoll in such a way as to command all the surrounding country. Its branches were phenomenally thick; its girth of trunk was magnificent. And this tree I resolved one day to climb, in order to get a clear idea of the lay of the land. Of course I strolled off surreptitiously, and, as I thought, unwatched. But there I was mistaken. No sooner was I two-thirds of the way up the tree than I heard a shout from the lumbermen, rushed out of the surrounding cover and proceeded to chop me down. The chance was too good for me to lose.

I concealed my annoyance, and made no attempt to descend. On the contrary I thanked them for the little attention, and climbed a few feet further up, to secure a position which I saw would be safe one for when the tree should fall. As I did so, I perceived, with a gasp and a tremor, that I was not alone in the tree.

There, not ten feet above me, stretched at full length along a large branch, was a huge panther, glaring with rage and terror. From the men below his form was quite concealed. Glancing restlessly from me to my pursuers, the brute seemed uncertain just what to do. As I carefully refrained from climbing any further up and tried to assume an air of not having observed him, he apparently concluded that I was not his worst enemy. In fact, I dare say he understood what was going on and realized that he and I were fellow-sufferers.

I laughed softly to myself as I thought how my tormentors would be taken down among them. I decided that, considering their numbers, there would be but little chance for me, but then I thought that to which they were exposing me in their reckless fooling. And, already influenced by that touch of nature which makes us so wondrous kind, I began to hope that the panther would succeed in making his escape.

The trunk of the pine was so thick that I might almost have reached the ground before the choppers could cut it through. At last it gave a mighty shudder and sagged to one side. I balanced myself nimbly on the upper side, steady and sure as a cat. The great mass of foliage, presenting a wide surface to the air, made the fall comparatively slow; and the tremendous sweep of the draught upward, as the tree-top described its gigantic arc, gave me a sickening sensation. Then came the final drop, and I fell. In an instant, I found myself standing in my place, jarred but unhurt, with the snow thrashed up all about me.

A LUCKY BALD-HEAD.

How He Secured a Fine Head of Hair.

In the appearance of a real bald head there is nothing romantic, and yet love finds a chance at times to surround it with a halo of sentiment. A wicked barber, a fashionable but, nevertheless, woefully talkative barber, discloses one of the sweetest secrets it has ever been my lot to hear, says a writer in the Boston Herald. The secret was originally possessed by the barber and two young, robust fellows, but now it is known by a score or more of persons, all customers of the barber, and at last it came from one of them to me. A young man of many good points, but with none on his head, was for five years a victim to the promises of the tonsorial artist, who guaranteed to bring hair out on his shiny pate, but who did not keep his word. Some men confide their love affairs to their "tailors," others to their doctors, and still others to the men who mix their cocktails. This young man, upon losing his hair to a sweet and promising maiden, confided his passion to his barber. That worthy sympathized with him deeply and redoubled his exertions to lure the downy fringe upon the head of Romeo, but without effect. Finally the barber and the lover lost hope together, and then it was that the young man made a trembling proposition.

"Louise does not like a bald head," said he, "although, of course, mine is not unpleasant to her. Nevertheless, she prefers to have it covered, and so we

have reached a conclusion. I always said, you know, that I would never wear a toupee, but Louise has placed the matter in such a light that I have acceded to her desires and will have one made. Louise's hair is just the color of the fringe over my ears, you see, and she hangs away down below her waist. She is going to sacrifice enough of it to make me a toupee, and then, by Jove, I shall be wearing the same hair that my girl does. Louise was awfully tender about suggesting the thing. Sweet of her, wasn't it? Oh! I tell you, there is nothing so beautiful in life as a good girl when she is in love."

Romeo now appears in public adorned by a line head of handsome chestnut hair.

How to Doctor Trees.

Do not hunt for borers at all, but just do them a little. Mix a mixture of about one quart of wood ash to a pail of water and stir it well. Now make a ridge of earth around the tree a few inches from it, and high enough so when you pour your mixture into the circle it will run into the holes and kill the worms. It is sure death to them and costs less than one cent a tree. You may have to do it twice the first year, but after that a very little care will keep your trees free from them. You have no wood ashes, use a thin white wash of lime in its place. If you have a large number of trees you can use strips of zinc or sheet iron about four or five inches wide and long enough to put about the tree in place of the circle of earth.

BEASTS TURNED LOOSE.

An Exciting Incident in the Career of Show-Men in Africa.

The African Diamond Fields Advertiser contains an account of the scene witnessed after all the animals in Fillis' menagerie had been allowed to escape by some person who is supposed to have had a grudge against the proprietor, and which incident may contain the germ from which grew the lurid story recently published of an entire town being besieged by ferocious animals. The person responsible for the liberation of the Fillis animals was evidently well acquainted with the construction of the cages and chose the day and hour when the supervision was most relaxed, and made good his escape. The four lions, on bounding from their cages, attacked the jumping horse, and the animal's screams aroused the four attendants. Hastily arming themselves with stable forks they rushed to the scene of the disturbance, evidently ignorant of the numerical strength of the foe they had to contend with. These four gallant fellows met a fearful death. From the last few dying words of one of the Caffre boys to Mr. Fillis when he died, it is learned that the lion which was the cause of the scene, it appeared that he and his mates, when endeavoring to beat back the lion Pacha, were attacked in the rear by three other lions and one of the cheetahs; they were then literally torn limb from limb by the ferocious brutes, and the scene of their death is of indescribable horror. Having tasted blood the lions rushed to the other animals, the wolves and the leopards seemed to regain all the ferocity of their class, and Mr. Fillis' four Hungarian horses and the performing horses fell victims. The elephant, frightened at the noise, in its endeavor to escape burst through the heavy iron gate and rushed into the street, followed by nearly the whole of the animals, who appear to have been startled by something which had happened in their work of escape from the stable. An cabman residing at Beaconsfield—Nelson—had a narrow escape. Hearing the noise he drove down from Main street to see the animals rush out. He likened the scene to the exit from Noah's Ark. An elephant came first, and a few seconds afterward tumbled out a confused mob of lions, wolves, hyenas, baboons, leopards, cheetahs and jackals. They were the last of the beasts to escape, and immediately rushed upon Nelson's horses and two of the lions attacked them. Strange to say, they left the man unmolested, and he managed to climb up a post at Glover's athletic car and secure his safety in one of the rooms. When last he saw his horses they were galloping madly down the road shouting and screaming with fear and pain, followed by the lion and two of the lions. The remainder of the animals, Nelson says, dispersed in all directions. But few of the animals had been recaptured at the time the mail was dispatched, but one of the lions and a jackal had been shot.

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The next instant there was another roar, or rather a sort of screaming yell, overwhelming the riotous laughter of the woodsmen; and out of the confusion of pine-branches shot the tawny form of the panther in a whirlwind of fury. One of the choppers was in his path, and he bowed under it like a reed. The panther leaped, and landed on the man's back. The next bound brought the beast on to the backs of a yoke of oxen, and his cruel claws severely scratched the oxen's necks. As the poor animals bellowed and fell on their knees, the panther paused, with some idea, apparently, of fighting the whole assembled party. But as the men, recovered from their first amazement, rushed with their axes to the rescue of the oxen, the panther saw that the odds were all against him. He turned half round and greeted his enemies with one terrific and strident snarl, then bounded off into the forest at a pace which made it idle to pursue him. The owner of the oxen hurled an axe after him, but the missile flew wide of its mark.

A Jew at Its Head.

For the first time since its foundation a Jew, Prof. Julius Bernstein, has been elected rector magnificus of the Halle University. Up to within a comparatively short time no Jew was permitted even to teach there.

VARIETIES.

ENGLISHMAN—I say, ye know, what's the bookage to Boston?

Railroad Ticket Clerk—The whatage?

Englishman—The bookage, ye know—the tariff. What's the tariff?

Ticket Clerk—I haven't time to talk politics.

"You are as bad as a playful kitten to be jumping at conclusions," remarked Keedick to his wife.

"Do kittens jump at conclusions?" asked Mrs. Keedick.

"Certainly! have you never seen kittens chase their tails?"

HIS SPANKING TEAM.—Blifkins—Isn't this earlier than your usual time for going home? Mufkins—Yes, but my wife said if I came out on the 3:45 she would meet me with the carriage.

Blifkins—I didn't know you kept a horse and carriage.

Mufkins—Er—er—it's a baby and carriage.

A PRIORI.—Attorney (in breach of promise suit)—If it was so dark, you couldn't see her kiss him, could you?

Witness—No.

Attorney (triumphantly)—Why, then, are you positive that she did kiss him?

Witness—Because it was too dark for me to see her.

Attorney (furiously)—From what actual knowledge of your own, sir, can you state that she kissed him?

Witness—From my knowledge of the girl.

A MODERN Mrs. Malaprop has been discovered in the person of a Chicago boarding-house mistress. Like all of her class, this lady has her troubles. She has one family, but she does so promptly as they should, and one day in a burst of confidence to a friend she was relating the worry those folks gave her; and she concluded by the statement that "they seem to have plenty of money for everything but their board bill, and this makes me very suspicious; I really think there is something rotten in Blismarc."

THREE KINDS OF PLE.—In a little town just a few miles down the road on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, is a regular old-fashioned tavern. The dining-room is most attractive, employing some home-grown sweet-rosy-cheeked country girls. How I admired one beauty I saw there—such a rosy-cheeked mouth and such eyes and hair! When I was ready for dessert she came for my order. "P-e or puddin'?" she queried. "Well," I asked, "what kind of pie have you?" "Oh, we have three kinds, open-face, cross-bar, and liver-top—all made of apples."

CHEERY John Maclean made his first appearance in London at the Surrey, somewhere about 1871, as Peter Purcell, in The Idiot of the Mountain. Shepherd and Crook were the managers of the theatre then, and Maclean was standing one day at the bar of Rooney's when a kind friend pointed out the newly engaged actor to Shepherd, who, having been ill, had not yet seen him. "You are playing in my theatre, Mr. Maclean?" Shepherd bawled. "I'm playing in The Idiot of the Mountain, sir," Shepherd replied heartily. "Glad to hear it, sir; glad to hear it," Shepherd exclaimed; "you're not the idiot, surely?" "No, sir," Maclean answered, with a serious face; "the manager who engaged me is the idiot."

One of the merchants on "Change tells a good story on himself. He lives over in Bellevue and has been in the habit of getting up early on Sunday morning and going shopping, returning in time to go to church and school. One Sunday morning a maiden aunt—a straight-laced, Presbyterian—was visiting at the house and had rather an early breakfast. Her hero's wife remarked this, when his little daughter piped up with "Got 'nashin' this mornin', papa?" At once froze her with a look and said, in a convincing tone, "Whatever else you do, connect me with Sunday fishing?" But it was no go. That breakfast was very chilly, and even going to church didn't thaw things out much.

PETTED DAUGHTER—Papa, what has come over you? I never had a wish you were not anxious to gratify, and you even anticipated my wants, and handed me money for all sorts of things I hadn't even thought of. But now I have to ask you for every cent I need, and you growl and grumble, and ask if I think you are made of money, and you rail at woman's extravagance and invariably ask me what on earth I did with the last check or dollar or dime you gave me. Don't you love me any more?

Papa—My darling, I love you as much as ever, but you are getting to be married, and I am trying to gradually prepare you for the change.

THERE is a certain young professional man who has a mania for securing autographs and letters, if possible, of noted persons. He had been informed that a certain poet of world-wide reputation, an American, never gave his autograph. But he made up his mind he was going to have it without asking for it. He wrote a business-like letter to the exclusive poet, stating that he desired a sketch of his life for a work of a literary nature he was preparing, and asked the poet if he could inform the writer where a reliable sketch could be found. That, he thought, would be sure to bring at least a line or two from the famous writer. Imagine his chagrin a day or two later at receiving in a sealed envelope a printed biography, unaccompanied by even the faintest of a pen. To top the climax, even the envelope was addressed by a typewriter.

A MAN who was accused of theft set up a plea of insanity, pleading thereby to elude punishment. Prof. Mendel, of Berlin, was deputed to examine the prisoner and report on the state of his mind. He found the man lying in bed. To all the questions that put, such as how old he was, where he lived, what he was called, the patient invariably replied: "I don't know." Then the professor took sixpence out of his purse and asked how much it was. "I don't know," was the answer as before. The doctor then asked for the prisoner's purse, out of which he took a shilling, and once more the man declared he didn't know its value, whereupon Professor Mendel put the sixpence into the prisoner's purse while transferring the shilling to his own. Here the patient interferred, saying: "Why, doctor, you have made a mistake. The imposture was made here."

We have heard different versions of what constituted Paul, but we heard a new one the other day from an old soldier. At Gettysburg, about the time of Pickett's charge, the reiters was stationed down toward the edge of the wheat field and he was sent out in charge of a squad to relieve the picket in a copse of woods. Meeting the sergeant he was about to relieve, he asked him what his orders were. He was informed, and among other things the pickets were not to fire. "Why," said the relieving sergeant, "they

are firing right now. Why don't you stop them?" "Oh, well, they are just having a little fun in there. The rebels have got possession of a stretch of stone wall and our boys swear they are going to take it away from them." Our informant went on and soon he and his men were as deep in the "fun" as their predecessors, notwithstanding their orders not to fire. They kept it up, dodging behind trees and working around the woods until they got a shot fired, ran in on the stone wall and captured it. They had their fun and accomplished their object.

A WRITER in the N. Y. Star tells a picturesque little incident that cannot fail to win admiration. In a company in which I found myself lately, he says, the conversation turned upon politeness, which some one well defined as timely thoughtfulness, with human sympathy behind it. One member of the party told of the most thoughtless act of politeness he ever saw. "Some time ago," said he, "a friend of mine gave a little dinner, to which a young friend, his wife and their little child were invited. The child, only three years old, was a very precocious, bashful and terribly sensitive little one. During the dinner she upset a glass of water upon the table cloth and hastily noticed the looks in her direction. Her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. At that moment my friend gave the dinner knocked over his own glass and water, and then, with a look in his direction. He laughed over the matter, said it made no difference, etc., and completely succeeded in withdrawing the attention from the child, which soon smiled again. That I consider to be the perfection of politeness."

WHILE the Hungarian military maneuvers were at their height last month the Emperor Francis Joseph visited Debrecen, a town he had not been in since 1858. That time ago, there was no railway there; accordingly the Emperor was compelled to go by coach. The courtiers warned the driver that he must drive with exceeding care, as he was carrying no less a personage than the Austrian Emperor. The driver replied that he knew his business thoroughly. Reaching the most dangerous point in the journey, a narrow way beside an awful precipice, the driver turned about in his seat and remarked to the Austrian monarch:

"I have driven a greater man than you over this very ground."

Vastly amused at the apparent naivete of the fellow, Francis Joseph answered:

"Ah, indeed? And who was that?"

"Why," said the coachman, "it was his majesty Louis Kosuth."

With this answer the coachman whipped up his horses and the coach was whirled along on the edge of that precipice in a fashion that made the Austrian monarch's hair stand on end.

On the occasion of his return to Debrecen last month the Emperor recalled this experience, and narrated it as one of the most exciting in his life.

Chaff.

When a man talks of good-natured criticism he means that which he gives, never that which he receives.

See—You are shivering, are you cold? He—Yes, I must take something warm. See—I'm warm as toast.

Friend (giving advice)—Don't be discouraged, young man; never say die, you know. Young Bostonian—I don't; I say die.

He was running to catch a train. What time is it? he asked. "Standard or town time?" Railroad time, you fool.

Husband—How were prices in market to-day? Wife—Same as usual. Some things a cent lower, and other things ten cents higher.

Tom—We always ought to look pleasant. Jack—That's so. We can't tell who may have a camera concealed about him ready to catch us.

The poet who asserts that his life is but a dream was never called upon to help move a stove or get a barrel of oil down the cellar stairs.

"Yer a brotha of a boy," said Maggie. And Pat replied, as he slyly put his arm round her waist, "O'd be better brotha if I had a little mate."

"Jennie," said a little girl's mother, "why don't you be good?" "Yes, mamma, but it's hard to be good, and I can be bad without trying."

Mrs. Gazzam (to Sadie Bloomer)—Where is your ma, Sadie? Sadie—She went over to Mrs. Gargoyles's two hours ago to stay five minutes.

A Legal Tilt.—Briefless (a young lawyer)—Well, I'll be hanged. Old Practitioner—I wouldn't be surprised—that is, if you defend yourself.

He (looking dreamily into his cup)—What's this miracle? She (indignantly)—Why, no, that's coffee, and good coffee, too! He—Well, isn't that a miracle?

The small boy may occasionally fall in other things, but you can depend upon it that there is one thing that he will always do—get to a show in time.

Couldn't Stand the Metro.—Miss Freshly—Why do you poets burn the midnight oil, Mr. De Akutt? Mr. De Akutt—Because not many can afford to burn gas.

An Iowa woman is said to have named her twin daughters Kerosene and Gasoline. If those girls live up to their names they may be expected to get light and volatile.

